Inconvenient

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Inconvenient

by TigerPrawn

Summary

for #SummertimeSlick prompt: Arranged Marriage AU

They hated each other as children, so when Ellis presents as omega and is betrothed to alpha Igor, it looks like this may prove inconvenient from beginning to end.

Notes

I've marked as AU Canon Divergence because usually with rare pairs I keep them pretty canon and mix them together. This time around I've sort of shed that with these guys because of war. Namely that I don't see the World Wars as having happened and/or played out the same in omegaverse. It wasn't the point of this particular story (which as a prompt fill I've tried to keep short) so I haven't explored that aspect - for which I apologise. If I ever get the chance I would like to, but for this story - the story was the focus.

From the following prompt, which I have sort of skirted around filling, hope you like it anyway Hotty -
Prompt: Can I prompt for some ABO Mpreg scare? Dealers choice on the couple. I would love to read the initial panic.

April, 1910

Ellis woke, sitting bolt upright in the bed and trying to calm his breathing. He'd been awoken by a dream - not a nightmare though seemingly just as terrible. He had dreamt of Igor kissing him, lavishing him with the sort of tender attention that he had during the heat they had shared together.

Light broke through the curtains, pale and dim - still early morning. Ellis wondered if he might get back to sleep, ignore the thoughts and images his brain tried to unsettle him with and slumber until a less ungodly hour. He might have been able to had the pain not become apparent then. As he moved his chest felt swollen, hard and painful.

Perhaps because his heat was due soon? He pondered for a moment, laying back and trying to get comfortable - working through dates in his head. Yes, it was due in… three weeks ago.

How had he not realised? He sat up again so fast that the pain ached and he nearly fell out of bed.

This was not possible. Or was it? How had he been so blind all this time?

"Oh… dear lord." He stumbled from his bed and grabbed his dressing gown, still tying it as he raced from his room.

July, 1895

"You are *very* inconvenient!" Ellis practically growled the words out, all the more infuriated by the young alpha's icy calm.

"I am? How is this of my making? You had the audacity to be omegan." Igor's tone was cold and it bit at Ellis.

He snapped his mouth shut before he could say anymore. His mother had told him to be polite.

Polite was not something he had ever been with Igor. As young children they had annoyed each other - too alike and too similar in all the wrong ways. Their families had enjoyed a

particular connection for many generations and often summered together in Europe. Thrown together they had found little enjoyment in each other.

They were teenagers now and Ellis had newly presented.

Of course they had both known of the arrangement. It was spoken of often and freely - a tradition of the older, wealthier families. Outdated nonsense as far as Ellis was concerned, but if he wanted to inherit he had to join their houses and fortunes. For many years they had all believed that this would mean him marrying Igor's cousin, Katya, when he presented as alpha. She, predictably had presented as beta. It wouldn't have been a perfect match, better had she been omega, but a good match to bind them.

Ellis had presented as omega and all ideas and plans had been thrown to the wind in exasperation.

The solution, they were told a few minutes earlier before being left alone to talk - two petulant and unhappy teens - was that Ellis would be wed to Igor who had presented as alpha a year earlier.

If anything the match was not favourably looked upon - the Stravinsky family had had other plans for Igor. Greater plans for a greater match despite their love for Ashmead-Bartletts. But the deal had been agreed many years before, when the children were far from their puberties and the inconvenient reality.

"I hate you." Ellis's words were barely more than a spiteful whisper.

September, 1909

A late summer wedding. Ellis was fit to gag.

His mother had fussed around him about traditional omegan get ups until Ellis had put his foot down. He may have managed to delay this marriage of inconvenience many years longer than planned by having the audacity in this day and age in modern Britain to be an omega with a career, but that was over. He had stalled long enough apparently and he was damned sure that if they all insisted that they be wed before Ellis turned 30, he was going to do it as he wanted.

Quiet, in a navy suit. His mother had vetoed black, telling him he was not attending a funeral. He had answered with a mirthless chuckle and a query as to whether she was quite sure about that - they were as likely to kill each other on the wedding night as bond.

Perhaps it was this attitude that had kept Igor away all these years. Not that Ellis minded, he had enjoyed being a bright young thing in London during his formative years. Igor's gloomy presence would have sucked all joy from life, he was sure.

No, Igor had been busy with his music. No doubt losing himself in it the way Ellis did his writing. In part an escape from the reality he faced - that no matter the illusion of being footloose and fancy-free - he was unable to indefinitely escape this fate.

He hadn't seen the man since he was a gangly and awkward teen. True he had grown into himself a little more after he had presented as alpha, but he was still very unattractive. All wrong angles that ill-fitted his face.

Ellis was wondering what his spouse-to-be would be wearing when there was a knock at the door. One of the servants opened it and gasped.

Ellis and his mother turned at the same time. Ellis didn't need to speak, for his mother was quite loud enough for the both of them as she tried to shoo Igor away and admonished him for coming and seeing Ellis before the wedding - it was bad luck. And only an hour to go before the ceremony, how terribly silly of him.

Ellis quirked a small smile. The man was ridiculous and he was sure he'd quite like to see his mother tell him off time and again as he no doubt displeased over the years to come.

"Let him in mother, this marriage is already doomed to be as miserable as it possibly can be, what does it matter if that misery starts an hour earlier?" He chuckled.

At some point he had become resigned to all of this and, like a cruel joke, had leaned into it in order to find some amusement at least. Of course, it wasn't as if they'd see an awful lot of each other - Igor would tour, Ellis… well, he was sure he could persuade his less than doting spouse that even bonded and married omegas required their freedoms. This was the 20th Century after all!

"Ah my inconvenient husband. Decided to call off the wedding I hope?"

Ellis took Igor's eye twitch as a small victory.

"I wanted to speak with you alone if I may?"

Ellis was a little caught off guard by Igor's voice. When last they had met it had barely broken, and now it was the rich, gravelly tone of an adult alpha in his prime. If the man wasn't such an ass, Ellis might have been tempted to permit him to his chambers at least one night. That was not going to happen though. No, he had already made that decision, as so many in arrangements such as this had before him.

After all, they could only breed if they were in love, and he did not think he would be tempted by sex with Igor just for the sake of it. The man probably made love like with the same erratic tempo as his music and that would do nobody any good.

"I… I wanted to express how much I've been looking forward to today. It has been so long since we've seen each other. You've… you seem well." The alpha was stoic and might even have seemed a little imposing to someone who hadn't known him as a awkward youth.

Ellis let out a dry chuckle. "Yes, I suppose it is right you come check on me. Still time to call it all off if you found me ailing or infirm in some way. But I suppose as it is, and as I am, we go ahead and both can look forward to the union of our fortunes. And I for one can breath a sigh of relief that my inheritance will remain intact."

Igor's jaw worked for a moment and Ellis thought he might say something more, but instead he turned and left, not bothering to close the door.

Ellis found a mixture of emotion in that. Relief that he had gone once more - truly inconvenient as he was. And something else… the opposite of flattery. The annoyance to encounter an alpha who did not seem to want to win his favour. Ah, well he needn't. Ellis was his regardless.

The thought left a bitter taste on his tongue.

"Can we just get on with this please?" He huffed.

January, 1910

His heat had arrived right on time and Ellis was not pleased about that one little bit.

Inconvenient timing and an inconvenient husband who had somehow managed to be at home for this *event* thanks to a break of his latest tour.

It wasn't always terrible having Igor home. The man provided fairly interesting conversation, it turned out. And he always seemed interested in Ellis's opinion, didn't make him feel like the little omega at home running the house - which was very much certainly not the case. In fact, Ellis might admit to himself and no one else, that he often missed Igor when he was away. Even so, every time Igor asked if he would like to join him, Ellis declined. Partly in an attempt to cling to the inconvenience he found in this situation. After all, he couldn't possibly enjoy this marriage. Regardless of how interesting and even humorous the alpha could sometimes be.

They had sat pleasantly enough at the dining table in that tolerant silence they had developed when Ellis decided he wasn't in the mood to speak. When suddenly Ellis's knife had clattered from his hand to his plate. He grunted as the cramp struck him.

Within hours he was on the edge of sinking into his heat, but it felt different. He'd shared his heats on occasion in the past, managed well enough on his own when he had to. But being in the same house, within scenting distance, of an alpha who had only short months before sunk his teeth in and bonded with him as part of their marriage ceremony had his skin crawling. A desperate need that made him have to hold back a whine, clamping his teeth together so as not to cry out for the man who had nor more interest in him than he had.

He was comfortable once he got to his room at least. The house was one of the Stravinsky's great homes, this one having been given to Igor on their marriage. It was an old musty place really, though Ellis had insisted on all the modernities. A plumber had been brought from London and fitted a bathroom with full running water in Ellis's suite. He was thankful now for what had actually been willfully brattish behaviour at the time.

Ellis shook as he stripped his sodden shirt and trousers, down to his equally soiled underwear and turned on the faucet at the sink. A bath might be a little beyond him, but the thought of cool water in the sink to plunge his head into, made his mouth water.

It had never been this hard before and he damned that ridiculous husband. Why did he have to return at such a time? The scent of him felt overwhelming even now as he splashed water over himself. It have never before affected him thusly, though he had previously been annoyed on occasion when it had soothed him. Those strange few times he had fallen asleep on the settee comfortably next to Igor and fallen asleep reading - lulled by the scent.

He barely heard the knock at the door over the sloshing, and only had enough clarity left to call out to come in.

Mary entered, curtsied and looked awkward. “Sorry sir, your husband is asking after you.”

He let out a grunt of exasperation. “Tell him I am indisposed.” he managed.

“I did sir. He asked me to check if you needed anything, if…” she moved from foot to foot, making him almost as on edge as she appeared to be.

“Ellis, is there anything I can do?” Igor entered behind her, giving her a quick nod and releasing her. She scurried from the room and left them alone.

“You can leave.” Ellis scowled, feeling the pull of the bond and hating it. When the alpha made no move to leave, he began to remove his underwear.

He took some enjoyment in the blush that rose on Igor’s cheeks. But he was not an omega ashamed of his body or its functions. He needed to find relief, and if that meant ignoring Igor completely and getting on with it, so be it.

He had thought to ignore Igor for their entirety, once they arrived at the house. But it had not been as easy as he had thought. In some ways they had become friendly in a way they never had as children. There were some days when they were positively chummy! Even took picnic baskets and rode out into the countryside or went shopping in the town for items for the house - mostly for Ellis’s comfort. But he would not fool himself they were friends. He wouldn’t pretend that they were any more than two people pushed into an arrangement beyond their doing. He just found that he resented Igor a little less for it - after all, it had not been his choice either.

“Stay then if you must satisfy your curiosity. But shut the door would you, I’d hate to scandalise the staff… at least not purposely.” The chuckle died before it was born in his throat and he winced and doubled over. That damn alpha, and his damn scent.

That alpha whose hands were suddenly holding him up and gently moving him to the bed.

“Don’t think yourself my hero. If anything you are the villain here. If you’d had the good grace to be absent I could have endured this in my usual way. You, as per usual, are making everything worse.” Ellis gasped out every word but Igor still remained silent, and slightly abashed. “Was this your plan then? The temptation of an omega under the same roof too much to deny yourself? Well, I know you are not the type to take, and I will not give, not to you.”

He struggled fully onto the bed, collapsing on his back, naked except the sweat that coated him. Slick was already leaking in abundance and he could sense Igor's corresponding arousal - thick in the air.

Igor shut the door and for a moment Ellis thought he had left - an unsettled tremor running through him at the thought. But the scent was still pungent and then Igor was at his side.

"I confess I had wanted to be close, in case you needed me. In any capacity at all, not just sexually. It would have been unbecoming for a husband to leave his spouse at such a time." Igor's words were matter of fact.

Ellis chuckled, the spasm of it forcing more slick to spill from him. "Yes, very husbandly you are."

"I… I could be." Igor replied quietly before locking eyes with Ellis. "I know this really isn't the time but… I had not. I had no idea of your disdain for me until our wedding. I had truly anticipated the event with nothing but happy anticipation."

"What are you talking about?" Ellis muttered and folded his hands across his stomach at another cramp, why was he saying these things when he had not before? "We hated each other as children, we hated the arrangement. You hated having me fobbed off on you."

"Is that how you see it all?"

"It's how it was Igor. Don't try and romanticise this now. I had the audacity to be omegan. This is neither the time or the place to attempt to woo me. And it is quite unnecessary." Ellis reached out and grabbed the waistband of Igor's trousers.

"What are you doing?" Igor tried to brush his hand away.

"Changing my mind. I will give, because this is insufferable. Thanks to you my usual methods are not going to sate this."

"What will you have me do?" Igor panted, and Ellis could feel him vibrating with anticipation.

"Your husbandly duty."

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Ellis had made quick, and practised work of Igor's trousers before dragging him to the bed. The alpha still wore his shirt as Ellis pushed him onto his back and straddled him.

"Igor, I need your knot." He panted.

Igor nodded, eyes wide as he ran his tongue out over his lips.

Perfunctory. That's what it would be, Ellis decided. And just this once. In future the confounded alpha would make himself scarce at the times of his heat. But for now, the nearness of an alpha forced in him that need of one, and there was little to be done about that.

“Have you been with an omega before?” Ellis near panted, trying to keep himself lucid for as long as possible.

Igor opened his mouth to speak but closed it again and shook his head.

“Don’t, for the love of god, panic. It’s one thing what you hear in school and rumours at the club, quite another to be with an omega in heat. I… don’t… I can’t keep control for long. I will be insatiable, I will need you to knot me again and again until I no longer need it. Until I ask you to stop. Do you understand? I might not seem like I am fully aware, I will be, but a slave to my instincts. I will know and remember it all, but my actions will be… ugh…” Another cramp stole his breath for a moment. “By instincts. Do you understand?”

Igor nodded again and blinked.

“Good… I… I need to… I will beg you Igor, I will beg you and you must respond to that. Don’t fight your own instincts.”

Ellis doubled in pain again and then repositioned himself. He groaned as he felt Igor’s arousal beneath him. Thick and delicious. All his.

He moved, repositioned, lifted his hips and then sunk down on Igor’s cock until he was fully seated and moaning blissfully. Truly this was better than any lonesome heat, even if this particular phallus belonged to somebody quite inconvenient.

And that was the last lucid thought Ellis had before his instincts pulled him down into that baser place omega’s went during heat. He began to move on Igor’s cock, leaning forward and putting his face to the alpha’s neck - breathing deep of that scent that had made this essential. There was a whine but Ellis was unsure if it came from Igor or himself.

When Igor began nuzzling into his neck, Ellis’s whole body jolted, displacing them. And yet, as Igor slipped from him, his instincts drove him on.

“Alpha…” He whined as he did something he had never done before, even when he had shared heats. He crawled from Igor and onto the bed beside him, ass high and presenting. “Please… breed me…”

Igor growled and ripped at his shirt as he sat on the bed. It came off in shreds as he repositioned himself behind Ellis. The alpha pushed in slowly, both of them arching into the pleasure of it before Igor draped himself over Ellis’s back and resumed nuzzling into his scent glands.

Mate. Breed.

Ellis’s baser self offered up everything to the alpha. All thoughts of the impossibility of fruit from the union gone. Instinct did not care for practicalities. He purred and held fast against each thrust. Slick ran copiously from him, down the back of his thighs, their combined scent in the air was surreal and heady.

When Igor licked over the bonding bite scar at his neck, Ellis shuddered then cried out as he felt the alpha's knot tight against him. A few more thrusts and they would be locked.

"Breed me alpha…" He cried out as the knot stretched and filled him.

*

Despite having just woken from several hours of sleep, Igor looked exhausted. Ellis felt sated and refreshed but the alpha had been sorely abused in that.

He was lucid again now and as Igor's eyes flickered and opened the alpha almost seemed relieved.

"I will remind you, that was your fault." Ellis laughed as he reached over to the side of the bed and took up a packet of cigarettes. He took out two, lit them both between his lips and then passed one to Igor. The alpha hesitated for a moment as Ellis drew deeply on the cigarette and breathed out slowly. "Had you been absent it would have been a case of enduring a couple of irksome days. I have never had a heat last 5 days before, so I am sure it must be your fault."

It was likely the bond. They were bonded and nature wished them to procreate. Unfortunately nature had introduced that quirk called love and not sought to weave in contingencies.

They lay side by side, smoking. Silent.

Ellis was discomforted by how easy it felt. How nice it might be to share a marital bed with an alpha who was smart and talented and, yes he would allow, handsome. Who he found it all too strangely enjoyable to be around and whose company he often missed. Such sill thoughts, surely induced by his heat.

When Ellis stubbed out the remnants of his cigarette in the ashtray beside his bed, Igor leaned over him to do the same. Their eyes locked for a moment and as Igor lay back he drew Ellis with him, pulling him to his chest and stroking a hand lazily over his back.

Ellis found it annoyingly comforting but equally bizarre. This wasn't who they were, and yet it was so warm and comfortable, and despite feeling sated, he ached and this was soothing. These were good reasons to allow Igor to continue, so he closed his eyes and enjoyed it.

"Do you… ever think you could like me? Enjoy my company?"

Ellis chuckled. "I don't believe that is necessary in any marriage, should it have to be in ours? Arranged marriages are not known for their love, husband." he said the word cooly, not willing to admit their growing closeness even to himself. "They are ridiculous tradition considering they limit reproduction. Even a determined fine match could result in the end of a bloodline. Quite foolish of our parents really."

Igor stilled and Ellis opened his eyes, pulling up and back in order to look at him.

"You said earlier I have disdain for you. That makes me seem cruel. In truth these many years I've hardly thought of you at all."

“And I… I’ve thought of nothing but you.” Igor looked away.

Ellis shook his head and huffed his confused amusement. “What are you talking about? I am nothing to you. I am the child you disliked who had the audacity to be omegan.”

“You’re my husband Ellis.” Igor looked at him then and there was such pain in his eyes. “Do you not think I could have talked my parents away from this match had I wanted? You might still have married Katya - it is not unheard of. Instead I remembered long summer days where I was beguiled by the wit and charm of a boy I could fall in love with. I admit I had been disappointed that you were omegan as I thought, had you been beta, my parents might have favoured the match more. But they allowed it anyway and I strove to become a success, so that I might offer the modern omega that you have become, more than a title and pomp. Could you never return any of the affection I feel?”

Ellis’s mouth was dry and his palms sweaty. He had heard plenty of love confessions in his time, many a means to an end than a true statement. But this was unexpected and unwanted. A complication. Inconvenient.

They might have been able to tolerate each other in this partnership if there were no feelings at stake. He sat up, pulling a sheet up with him and ensuring his modesty.

“Igor… we hated each other as children. You were awkward around me, sullen. You were friendly and sweet with others but not me. You detested me as I you.”

“I was awkward because of the affection I felt for you. That… that I still feel. In these months together since our wedding, I have tried to convey it, tried to show you in the little things I could do to provide and protect.”

“This is balderdash!” Ellis declared with a bark of laughter as he rose from the bed. “Some jest. Or otherwise a result of your baser self being let loose. Nonsense Igor. Such nonsense.”

Ellis wrapped the sheet about him and went through to his bathroom. He waited in there until he heard the door click as Igor left his suite. It felt like he held his breath the entire time.

April, 1910

Ellis raced down the corridor, dressing gown billowing. As he approached the top of the stairs he needed to decide - across to the other wing, where Igor had his chambers, or down to the stables? Perhaps that alpha had left already.

Weeks now, weeks and weeks since his last heat they had barely been around each other and every day Ellis regretted how cruel his words may have seemed. But he had never been able to say it. Instead he remained silent and that silence consumed them. They rarely took meals together, Igor seemed a ghost, his presence only known from the echoing of the piano throughout the house. Every day Ellis’s heart ached all the more and he wanted to reach out and touch the alpha, sooth him. But after everything he had said, how could Igor possibly believe that Ellis felt anything for him? He had to let him know.

It was so early, perhaps the alpha would not have left yet?

He raced across the top of the staircase and into the left wing of the house, damn near running into Igor as he left his chambers.

“Ellis?” Igor looked confused and concerned, putting his arms out to stop the omega and hold him steady. “What is it? I am leaving as you requested, do you have something further you need of me before I go?” His tone was sorrowful.

Ellis caught his breath and gripped onto Igor’s arms in the hopes he wouldn’t continue to leave.

“No… I. Igor I love you. I’m sorry.” The words tumbled out and Ellis couldn’t regret them, suddenly realising for himself the truth in them.

Igor eyed him suspiciously and gave more space between them though he didn’t let go of Ellis’s arms. “Is this some trick or deception? If you want me to… I can be there for you during your heat should you need me. There is no need to-”

“Igor, you confounding… I love you. I don’t know how long, perhaps since I discovered I was omegan, perhaps since we married. I have been known to be very convincing, and it seems of no one more so than myself. I am a fool, and my idiotic pride has kept you out of my reach, when I should have been… when…”

Igor was shaking his head. “How am I to believe you Ellis, when you said such contrary things with just as much conviction and passion.”

Ellis twisted his hand down to Igor’s and grabbed the slender fingers of the pianist. He pulled them forward and pressed them to his belly. To the place where their child - so slight now - would grow and flourish.

“Because this cannot lie.” Ellis smiled. “Children can only come from love Igor, don’t you know that.” Ellis chuckled and felt his heart melt as Igor’s face brightened and the alpha moved towards him, splaying his hand across the omega’s stomach.

“A shared love. So you can know my love is as true for you as I know yours is for me.”

Igor leaned in and kissed him then. Soft and tentative. Their first kiss and likely much more belated than it ever should have been. Ellis was acutely aware in that moment how utterly inconvenient he had been.

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